

The Mirror

OF

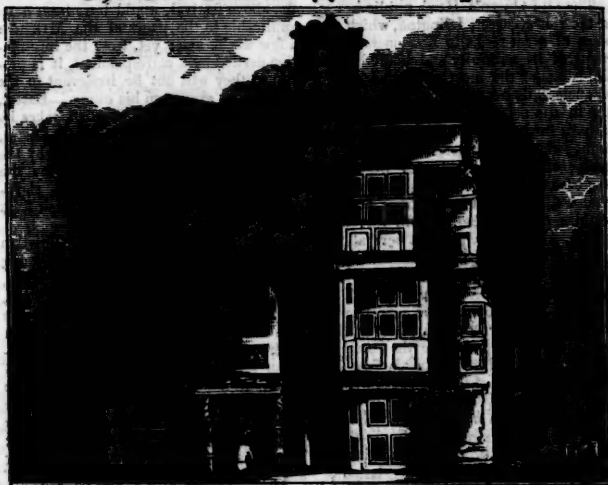
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXLL.]

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Old Queen's Head, Islington.



IN the selection of subjects for engravings in the MIRROR, we are not only anxious to catch the modern public buildings as they rise, but also to perpetuate in our pages those structures of the olden time, to which history or even tradition has given a peculiar interest. Of the latter class will be found the view we present of the Old Queen's Head, Lower-street, Islington, a house, which, from its antiquity, would claim respect, independent of the recollections associated with it.

If tradition could be relied on, there are few houses more entitled to respect on account of its residents or visitants, than the Old Queen's Head, which is said to have been built or patronised by Sir Walter Raleigh, where,

"At his hours of leisure,
He'd puff his pipe, and take his pleasure."

The Queen's Head is also reported (how truly we know not) to have been the residence of Lord Burleigh, the treasurer of Queen Elisabeth, of the Earl of Essex, her favourite, and the occasional resort of her Majesty. That the building was erected about the time of Queen Elisabeth we have no doubt, for the ar

chitecture is evidently of that age, when, and for some centuries previous, the mode of erecting dwelling-houses was somewhat like ship-building; immense beams of oak, or more frequently chestnut wood, placed in perpendicular, diagonal, and transverse directions, and strongly morticed or rivetted together, formed the shell or carcass of almost every domestic building. "The common run of houses," as Strutt observes, "(especially among the middling sort of people,) were built with wood. They generally made large porches before their principal entrance, with great halls and large parlours; the frame work was constructed with beams of timber of such enormous size, that the materials of one house, as they built anciently, would make several of equal size according to the present mode of building. The common method of making walls was to nail laths to the timber frame, and strike them over with a rough plaster, which was afterwards whitened and ornamented with fine mortar, and this last was often beautified with figures and other curious devices. The houses in the cities and towns were built each sto y jetting forth over the former story,

so that when the streets were not very wide, the people at the top from opposite houses might not only talk and converse with each other, but even shake hands together. Their houses were covered with tiles, shingles, slates, or lead, except in the city of London, where shingles were forbid.*

The Old Queen's Head public-house, in the Lower-street, Islington, which is a place of great resort to Londoners on account of its antiquity and home-brewed ale, is one of the most perfect specimens of ancient domestic architecture remaining in the neighbourhood of London, or perhaps in the whole kingdom. It is a strong wood and plaster building, consisting of three lofty stories projecting over each other in front, and forming bay windows, supported by brackets and caryatides of a grotesque form carved in wood. The centre projects several feet beyond the other part of the building, and forms a commodious porch, to which there is a descent of several steps. This is supported in front by two caryatides of carved oak, crowned with Ionic scrolls, standing one on each side the entrance. The floor of the front parlour is four feet below the surface of the highway, though a tradition prevails that the house originally was entered by an ascent of several steps. This indeed is not improbable, when the antiquity of the building is considered, and the vast accumulation of matter upon the road in the course of several centuries; add to this, that the New River, which passes under the highway in front of the house, has, in the formation of its banks, and the turning an arch over it, occasioned a considerable rise in this place.

This ancient fabric, like most of the old buildings in the parish of Islington, has panelled wainscots of oak and stuccoed ceilings: the latter in the parlour is ornamented with dolphins, cherubim, acorns, &c. surrounded by a wreathed border of fruit and foliage. Near the centre of the ceiling is the medallion of a Roman head, crowned with bays; also a small shield, containing the initials "I. M." surrounded by cherubim and glory. The chimney-piece is supported by two figures carved in stone, hung with festoons, &c. The stone slab over the fire-place exhibits the story of Danaë and Actæon in relief, with mutilated figures of Venus, Bacchus, and Plenty.

It is due to the author to state, that for this account of the Queen's Head we are indebted to "Nelson's History of Islington," a work which contains much interesting information, but is sadly dis-

figured by the intermixture of political opinions.

THE IRREGULAR PERIODS OF EASTER EXPLAINED.

(For the Mirror.)

THE observations about to be made on the above festival, would have been more applicable to the pages of the MIRROR a few weeks ago; yet, from the information desired by a correspondent, it is presumed they will not be irrelevant to the subject in answer to his query.—Easter, as it is denominated in English, takes its name from the Saxon goddess Eostre, whose festival was held in April; by the Greeks it is called *Pasga*, and by the Latins *Pascha*—a Hebrew word signifying passage, applied to the Jewish feast at the passover.

This great festival of the Christian Church and the Jewish Passover being held at one period, and the same symbol, the Paschal Lamb, being used as both, might induce some persons to suppose that the institutions had relation to each other; but this is not the case; the festival of Easter is held in commemoration of the resurrection of our Saviour from the grave, and triumph over death. The Passover was instituted to commemorate the departure of the Jews from Egypt; for the night previous, the destroying angel, who put to death the first born of the Egyptians, did pass over the houses of the Hebrews without entering therein, because they were marked with the blood of the lamb killed the evening before, and which thus obtained the name of the Paschal Lamb.

Although in the primitive ages of the church there were very great disputes about the particular time of celebrating Easter (some keeping it on the same day that the Jews observed their Passover, and others on the succeeding Sunday), yet all agreed in shewing very great respect and honour to this festival; hence, in ancient writers it is designated *Dominica Gaudii*, i. e. *Sunday of Joy*. On this day prisoners and slaves were set free, and the poor liberally provided for. The eve or vigil was celebrated with more than ordinary pomp, which continued till midnight, it being a tradition of the Church that our Saviour rose a little after midnight. The controversy was determined in the council of Nice (A. D. 325), when it was ordained that Easter should be kept upon one and the same day, which should always be a Sunday in all Christian churches throughout the world; and further, in conformity to the custom of the Jews in celebrating their Passover on the 14th day of the

* Manners and Customs of the People of England, vol. ii. p. 85.

moon, the primitive fathers ordered that the 14th day of the moon, from the calendar new moon which immediately follows the 21st of March (at which time the vernal equinox happened on that day), should be deemed the Paschal Full Moon, and that the Sunday after should be Easter Day; and it is upon this account that the Rubric appoints it the first Sunday after the first full moon, immediately following the 21st of March.

Now Easter being entirely regulated by the revolutions of the moon, or astronomical months, and they being unequal with respect to the days of the civil month, it follows in course, that the period of the festival will happen very irregular. The earliest Easter possible is the 22nd of March; the latest, the 28th of April. Within these limits are thirty-five days, on one of which Easter must fall. Now to find that day two requisites are necessary, the Golden Number and Dominical Letter for the given year. These may require explanation, and first of

THE GOLDEN NUMBER.

In nineteen years the sun and moon return to very nearly the same part of the heavens they were in previous to that period; and the conjunctions, oppositions, and other aspects of the moon, are within an hour and a half of being the same as they were on the same days of the month nineteen years before; this revolution is called the Lunar Cycle, or Golden Number. It was invented by Meton, a mathematician of great celebrity, and subsequently adopted by the council of Nice, for the determining the time of Easter; and from its great utility they caused the numbers of it to be written on the calendar in golden letters, which has obtained for it the name of the Golden Number. Another of these periods is

THE SOLAR CYCLE,

WHICH consists of twenty-eight years; at the expiration of which the sun returns to the sign and degree of the ecliptic, which he had occupied at the conclusion of the preceding period, and the days of the week correspond to the same days of the month as at that time. It is used to find the

DOMINICAL OR SUNDAY LETTER.

In our present calendars the days of the week are distinguished by the first seven letters of the alphabet—A B C D E F G; and the rule for applying these letters is invariably to put A for the first day of the year whatever it be, B for the second, and so in succession to the seventh. Should the 1st of January be Sunday, the dominical for that year will be A, the Monday letter B, &c.; and as

Y 2

the number of the letters is the same as that of the days of the week, A will fall on every Sunday, B on every Monday, &c. throughout the year. Had the year consisted of 364 days, making an exact number of weeks, it is obvious that A would always have stood for the dominical letter: the year containing, however, one day more, it follows that the dominical letter of the succeeding year will be G; for Sunday being the first day of the preceding year will be also the last, and the first Sunday in the next year will fall on the seventh day, and will be marked by the seventh letter or G. This retrocession of the letters will, from the same cause, continue every year, so as to make F the dominical of the third, &c. If every year were common the progress would continue regularly, and a cycle of seven years would suffice to restore the same letters to the same days as before. But the intercalation of a day every bissextile or fourth year, has occasioned a variation in this respect. The leap-year containing 366 days instead of 365, will throw the dominical letter back two letters; so that, as in last year, the dominical letter was D, the present year B. This alteration is not effected by dropping a letter altogether, but by changing the dominical letter at the end of February, where the intercalation of a day takes place. Thus every leap-year has two dominical letters: last year's was D till March, then C to the end of the year: the last one is used to find Easter. In consequence of this change every fourth year, twenty-eight years must elapse before a complete revolution can take place in the dominical letter, and it is on this circumstance that the solar cycle is founded. While on the subject, it may not be amiss to explain the reason of adding a day in

THE LEAP-YEAR.

THE time measured by the sun's revolution in the ecliptic from any equinox or solstice to the same again, contains 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 57 seconds. This is called the solar year, and is the only natural or proper year, because it always keeps the same seasons to the same months. Now the civil or common year consists of only 365 days, therefore every year we should lose 5 hours, 48 minutes, 57 seconds; but a day being added every fourth year, brings the solar and civil years very nearly equal. This is called the Julian year, on account of Julius Caesar, who appointed the intercalary day, thinking thereby to make the civil and solar years keep pace together; and this day being added to the 23rd of February, which in the Roman calendar was the sixth of the calends of March, that sixth

day was twice reckoned, and called *Bis sextus Dies*, and thence came the name *Bissextile* for leap-year. But in our almanacks this day is added at the end of February. The Julian year, although it approaches very near the truth, is not however perfectly correct, it consisting of eleven minutes and three seconds more than the true time of the sun's annual revolution in the ecliptic. How trifling soever this difference might at first appear, it amounted in 131 years to a whole day. In consequence of this, the vernal equinox, which Sosigenes, in the first year of the Julian correction, observed to fall on the 25th of March, had gone back in A. D. 325, at the time of the council of Nice, to the 21st; and in 1580, to the 11th of March. To remedy this growing defect, Pope Gregory XIII. caused the calendar to undergo another correction. In A. D. 1582 he ordered ten days to be cut out of the month of October, so that the 5th was called the 15th; and to prevent such retrocession in future, in addition to the Julian regulation with respect to the bissextile year, he ordered that the years 1600, 2000, 2400, and every 4th century in succession, should be leap years; but that in the other centuries, 1700, 1800,* 1900, 2100, &c. the day should not be added, but to remain common years. This regulation comes so near the truth, that the only correction it will require will be the suppression of a day and a half in five thousand years!

The Gregorian Year, or, as it is vulgarly called,

THE NEW STYLE,

was immediately adopted in Spain, Portugal, and part of Italy. It was introduced into France in October of the

* The omission of this year as a leap year must be in the recollection of some of your readers, though being then "as yet scarce entered on this stage of life" places it beyond the pale of my memory.

TABLE I.—SHEWING THE GOLDEN NUMBER FOR EVERY YEAR IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.

N. B. In this, as well as the succeeding, the centurial figures are omitted, thus 25 means 1825.

Golden Numbers.	15	16	17	18	19	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Years of the Century.	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37
	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75
	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94
	95	96	97	98	99

same year, the 10th of which was by an ordinance of Henry III. reckoned the 20th. In Germany it was adopted by the Catholic states, in 1583; but the Protestant states adhered to the old calendar till 1700. Denmark also adopted it about this period, and Sweden in 1753. It was not used in England before 1752, when, by Act of Parliament, the style was changed, and the 3rd of September was reckoned the 14th, the difference having by this time increased to eleven days: at the same time the year which began in March was ordained to commence in January. Russia is the only country in Europe in which the old mode of reckoning is still in use.

By means of the accompanying tables the reader may find Easter Sunday for any given year in the present century.—First look in Table I for the year required, then the number which stands at the top of that column is the golden number for that year: proceed in like manner in Table 2, and find the dominical letter: now carry both into Table 3, and the date which stands opposite to the golden number and under the dominical letter, is the day on which Easter Sunday will fall in that year. Thus for the present year 2 is the golden number, B the dominical letter; therefore, 2. Apr. 3. B—which was Easter Sunday this year.

Now for April 1st to be Easter Monday, March 31 must be Easter Sunday; and the only years on which that will occur in this century are 1839, 1850, and 1861. Your correspondent, therefore, must patiently wait the elapse of fourteen years ere he will have a *right* birth-day; and as he had but three in the last century, he has my best wishes for the only three in this, though—

What's life?—a bubble: at the most a span—
The present moment is the life of man!

CLAVIS.

TABLE II.—SHEWING THE DOMINICAL LETTER FOR EVERY YEAR IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.

N. B. The double ones are the Leap Years; the under must be used for finding Easter.

<i>Dominical Letters.</i>	D	C	B	A	G	F	E	D	C	B	A	G	F	E	D	C	B	A	G	F	E	D	C	B	A	G	F	E
<i>Years.</i>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	
85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	

TABLE III.—SHEWING EASTER SUNDAY BY MEANS OF THE GOLDEN NUMBER, AND DOMINICAL LETTER FOR ANY YEAR IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.

M. signifies March, A. April.

	A,	B	C	D	E	F	G
1	A 16	A 17	A 18	A 19	A 20	A 14	A 15
2	A 9	A 3	A 4	A 5	A 6	A 7	A 8
3	M 26	M 27	M 28	M 29	M 23	M 24	M 25
4	A 16	A 17	A 11	A 12	A 13	A 14	A 15
5	A 2	A 3	A 4	A 5	A 6	M 31	A 1
6	A 23	A 24	A 25	A 19	A 20	A 21	A 22
7	A 9	A 10	A 11	A 12	A 13	A 14	A 8
8	A 2	A 3	M 28	M 29	M 30	M 31	A 1
9	A 16	A 17	A 18	A 19	A 20	A 21	A 22
10	A 9	A 10	A 11	A 5	A 6	A 7	A 8
11	M 26	M 27	M 28	M 29	M 30	M 31	M 25
12	A 16	A 17	A 18	A 19	A 13	A 14	A 15
13	A 2	A 3	A 4	A 5	A 6	A 7	A 8
14	M 26	M 27	M 28	M 22	M 23	M 24	M 25
15	A 16	A 10	A 11	A 12	A 13	A 14	A 15
16	A 2	A 3	A 4	A 5	M 30	M 31	A 1
17	A 23	A 24	A 18	A 19	A 20	A 21	A 22
18	A 9	A 10	A 11	A 12	A 13	A 7	A 8
19	A 2	M 27	M 28	M 29	M 30	M 31	A 1

CARLINO AND ROSA,

A SIMPLE TALE.

In fair Italia's roseate bowers
With balmy odours, ever blest,
Carlino pass'd his youthful hours,
By want and poverty distress'd.

No longer could his aged sire,
Assist his now approaching prime,
His bosom glow'd with young desire
Afar, to see each foreign clime.

To England's shore, he bent his course
Thro' many a long and tedious day,
For here he hop'd a sure resource,
His toil and trouble to repay.

Attun'd to melody's sweet power,
His native clime's supreme delight,
He often sooth'd a pensive hour,
And made his way-worn journey light.

The chalky cliffs of Albion's isle,
At length apparent, met his view,
In wonder did he pause awhile,
For all was strange, and all was new.

An organ, by a friend procur'd,
His solace, and support unite,
Whilst smiling hope, success assur'd,
And thus he stroll'd from morn till night.

With those whose nerves, responsive told,
Reward he found, for pleasing strains;
None but the choir could e'er withhold,
Some trifling need to aid his gains.

His ardent soul was firmly bent,
An independence to secure,
For this—his toilsome days were spent,
This—his ambition to secure.

Integrity, his guiding star,
And prudence, ever by his side,
To crime, and folly, still a bar,
Warm his young heart, and there abide.

So simple was his native mien,
So free from guile his face and air,
That to be lik'd, was to be seen,
He met a welcome every where.

Nor did he touch his weekly hoard,
Till first the organ's hire was paid,
E'en then most homely was his board,
To his small store the rest was laid.

If all would equal caution show,
And each just claim at first defray,
What comfort from his plan would flow,
And for such care with interest pay.

Carlino, when his home he left,
There left a fair and artless maid,
Who mourn'd her lover's converse rest,
She—in his brightest visions play'd.

By mutual vows so strictly bound,
Equal in truth and constant love,
Where may their counterparts be found?
Where seek sincerer truth to prove?

O Rosa! dearest maid for thee,
The piercing winter's cold, I bear,
In hope, Carlino, blest may be,
With thee, his hard-earn'd store to share.

If chanc'd, that passing thro' a vale,
Where nature revel'd in her pride,
Carlino's cheek grew deadly pale,
He sunk adown the way-worn side.

A fever burnt within his frame,
He felt all hapless and forlorn;
A stranger e'en unknown by name
Perchance the jest of brutal scorn.

This might have been his piteous lot,
But that a priest, the wanderer found,
And, *one*, who ne'er his vows forgot,
Whose heart each god-like virtue crown'd.

He rais'd Carlino from the earth
And fed him from his ample store,
Ne'er ask'd his country or his birth,
Enough for him, that he was poor.

Here—long supported, he remain'd
Reliev'd from sorrow and from care,
With gratitude o'erpower'd, and pain'd
Such kindness it was his to share.

Departing thence, he bent his knee,
And with uplifted hands, he pray'd
His kind protector, long might be
In choicest blessings overpaid.

This worthy Rector, if to know
(Who here, so much adorns the tale)
Thou hast a wish, then look below,
Where he abides in W——n Vale.

Five years he persevering spent
O'er hill and dale, by tower and tree,
Nor e'er one Paul he idly spent,
A trusty, faithful steward be.

At length, Carlino 'gan to pine
For that dear home, he long had left,
O Rosa! shall I call thee mine,
He said—or be of joy bereft.

He now had gain'd that long wish'd store
Which independence was to give,
And was to spread his frugal board,
With his dear Rosa—when to live.

He bade to England's shores adieu,
And grateful said, for blessings given,
"Ah, brave Inglesse, I feel for you
Next to my country and to heaven."

Thro' France he gaily took his way,
Its grand metropolis he saw,
Still journey'd on, from day to day,
For love ordain'd a pleasing law.

For him no power had female charm
Where want of virtue, all debase,
No witchery his soul could harm,
Or from his heart affection chase.

True to his Rosa ever dear,
His eye was shut to magic spell,
Each step it brought him still more near
To her with whom he wish'd to dwell.

Bordeaux, and Thoulouse, both he saw,
Avignon, neat, his footsteps prest,
His toilsome hours to Lyons draw,
Where commerce holds a stately crest.

To Switzerland, at length he came,
His heart beat high, ascending still,
Where now the zig-zag Sempron gave,
A view o'er each impeding hill.

What was his joy, how flash'd his eye,
The plains of Lombardy to see,
Can ought with its soft graces vie,
Its riches or its drapery?

To heaven, an earnest prayer he bent,
That he might find his sire again
In his low cot, as when he went,
And free from sorrow and from pain.

And that his Rosa still would prove
Unchang'd, and faithful, true and kind;
Her heart still fill'd with ardent love,
Whilst constancy engross'd her mind.

Now swift by love and hope impell'd,
He sped along, the deep descent,
Nor prospect grand, a moment held
His lingering eye, for on he went.

And when he strain'd his eager eye
Along the vale he lov'd so dear,
And when he drew, that dwelling nigh
And came to that lov'd home so near.

O! judge his horror, and his pain,
To find that war's destructive power,
Had desolated all the plain,
And quite destroy'd his homely bower.

He sunk with saddest woe oppress'd,
He beat his breast, he tore his hair,
And like a maniac, rav'd distraught,
With hope foregone, and black despair.

All he could learn, his sire had fled,
And Rosa too, gone far away;
But none could tell what humble shed
The mourners held—not one could say.

Arousing from his death-like swoon,
He vow'd his toil should never cease
Till he enjoy'd that sweetest boon,
To give the wand'ring exiles peace.

Again he took his weary way,
Again his footsteps onward sped,
O'er ruins black his journey lay,
Slow droop'd his now afflicted head.

No clue, his erring steps to guide,
If life or death was now their lot,
In woe, his prospects all subside,
His brightest visions, he forgot.

Day after day he trac'd along,
Now heard some stragglers had been seen,
No longer carol'd with a song,
How alter'd now, his air and mien.

Sometimes bright hope, again would fling
A partial sun-beam o'er the glade,
And then a black'ning cloud would bring
A sombre hue, and dark'ning shade.

Long thus he kept an erring rout,
Determin'd never to forego
His firm resolve to fathom out,
The depth of all his grief and woe.

In a lone cot, far, far away
From all the busy hum of men,
He went, his woe worn frame to lay,
In what was truly sorrow's den.

A shriek now burst upon his ear,
A voice electrified his heart,
'Twas Rosa's self, and with her—near,
His sire, now claim'd affection's part.

But, O! how alter'd Rosa's form,
Her cheek, how pale, her haggard eye,
For sorrow, beauty will deform,
In those who mourn despairingly.

His sire, he cheer'd, and duteous bent
His head, a blessing to receive,
Bade them enjoy what God had sent,
For all his wants he could relieve.

His Rosa to his heart he strain'd,
Told her his faith, his love, and truth,
Till she, by joy's excess was pain'd,
As firm she clasp'd her dear lov'd youth.

Now happy in that sure reward
That constant waits on virtue's deed,
To heaven they bent with one accord,
For mercies great, in time of need.

And long they liv'd, themselves to see
In a new race, reflected bright
And may it thus for ever be,
With those who think and act aright.

BANNOCKBURN.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—In offering the following original verses as candidates for the honour of your acceptance in the MIRROR, I cannot advance a more eloquent, and I trust a more effectual apology for the nationality of this subject than by precluding them with the patriotic appeal made by the able author of the *Lord of the Isles*.

YET mourn not land of fame,
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field,
Since Norman William came.
Oft may thy annals justly boast
Of battles stern by Scotland lost;
Grudge not her victory.
When for her free-born rights she strove,
Rights dear to all who freedom love,
To none so dear as thee!

SCOTT.

BANNOCKBURN.

NEAR Stirling's tower, by Forth's wave
The rising sun its radiance gave,
Upon the armour of the brave
That burned for battle brilliantly.
And Scotland by that soaring sun
Beheld her brightest day begun—
Her greenest wreath of glory won
By deeds of dauntless bravery.
On Bannockburn's camp-covered field
The men of war were met to wield,
With hostile hand, the sword and shield,
For conquest or for liberty!

How gaily glanced that field before
Began the battle's rage and roar!
That reddened with the reeking gore
As raved the dreadful revelry.
The wild war-yell rose hoarse and high,
St. George! for Edward was the cry,
And Scotland's shout shook earth and sky,
St. Andrew! Bruce! and liberty!
Then closed the conflict deep and dread,
Then strained the bow and struck the blade,
Its dirge of death the trumpet brayed,
As thinn'd the ranks of rivalry!

What feelings fired each hero's heart,
For conquest or a country's part,
As from each eye the flash did dart,
That spoke the spirits' enmity!
But fast the Southrons fell and fled
Where Bruce—brave Bruce! his patriots led,
And Scotland's lion rampant—red
*Pranced proudly on to victory!
And may each land, as Scotland, scorn
The tyrant's threat—his thralldom spurn
With such success as Bannockburn
Of dear and deathless memory!

ARCHIE ALIQUIS.

* Paved.

EUROPEAN MELODIES.

No. 1.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN,

A Ballad.

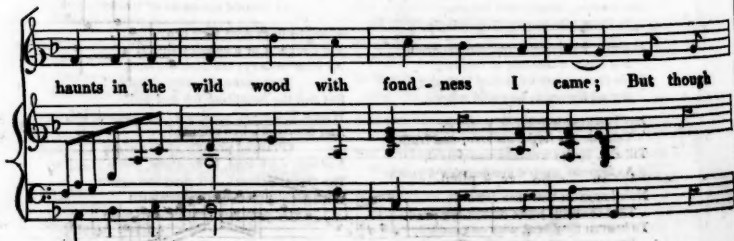
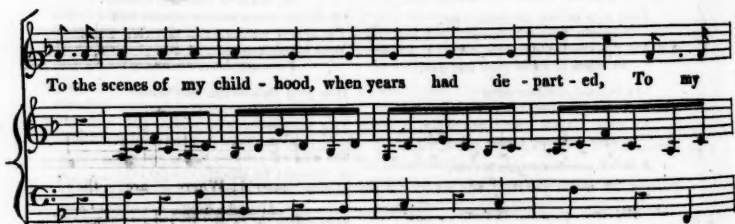
The Melody by MOZART, now first vocalized, with an Accompaniment for the
PIANO-FORTE.

The Words written, and the Air arranged and adapted, by

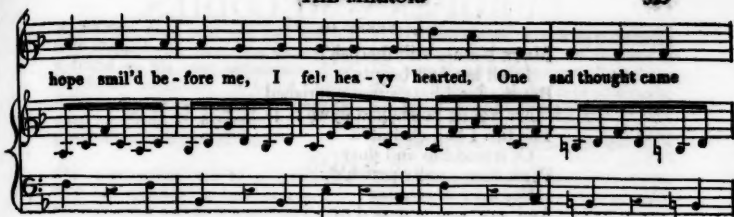
W. T. MONCRIEFF, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "THE PLAIN GOLD RING, &c."

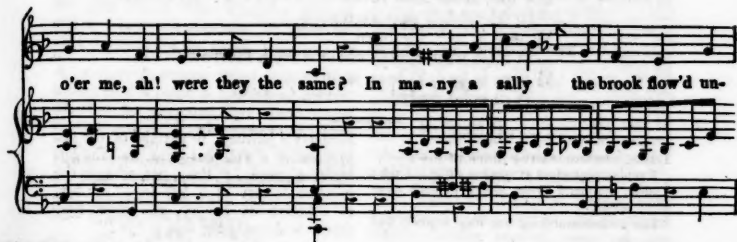
"I came to the place of my birth, and I asked, "The friends of my youth,
where are they?" and an Echo replied, "Where are they?" *Arabic MS.*



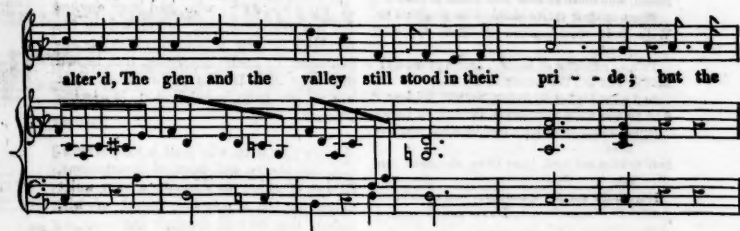
*Publishers, &c. are requested to observe that the Words, Accompaniment, and part of
the Melody of this Ballad are Copy-right.*




hope smil'd be - fore me, I fel' hea - vy hearted, One sad thought came




o'er me, ah! were they the same? In ma - ny a sally the brook flow'd un -



alter'd, The glen and the valley still stood in their pri - - de; but the



friends of my youth, ah! where are they? I falter'd; Where are they? where



are they? an echo re - plied.

VERSE II.

MUTE Nature still flourish'd
 In all her first beauty;
 But the fond hearts that nourished
 My young hopes had flown;
 The ties I had cherish'd
 Of friendship and duty
 With them, sadly perish'd,
 For ever were gone!
 And, ere, scarce pass'd over
 Youth's few years of sorrow,
 For me, some lone rover
 In friendship may sigh;
 Where is he? the bard
 Whose wild strains cheer'd each morrow;
 Where is he? Where is he?
 Will echo reply!

SONNET TO FLOWERS.

LALIES, who love to lave in pebbly brooks,
 Keeping yourselves as spotless white as truth;
 Violets, summer's pride, hiding in such close
 nooks,
 The curious-searching bee may scarcely find
 ye;
 Roses, who blush to hear mad poets' praises
 When in their votive chaplets they upbind ye,
 With your moss-bearded brothers—types of
 youth;
 Tulips, emblems of beauty, vain and showy;
 And ye who are the vassals of the sun,
 And wear his beamy order, radiant daisies;
 And ye who hang your heads like age, ye snowy
 Drops which at spring's feet lie when winter's
 gone;
 Fair flowers but frail, your lives, and mine, and
 all,
 Have but a spring, a summer, and a fall!

HYPOCHONDRICUS.

VERSES

*Addressed to a Young Lady, possessing more
 than a becoming share of vanity, arising
 from a consciousness of her extreme beauty.*

(For the Mirror.)

BEMOLD the gay rose in the garden so fair,
 And the blossoms around it perfuming the air;
 How lovely they look, and how bright to the eye,
 In colours prismatic—yet soon they must die.
 Then pause, dearest maiden! ah! think of the
 flower
 Bereft of its beauty, its odour fraught power,
 And reflect that this world, all its joy and its
 sorrow
 On thy charms may be clos'd ere the dawn of to-
 morrow!

C G—M.

Facetiae.

No. I.

A TRAVELLER was lately boasting of
 the luxury of arriving at night after a

hard day's journey, to partake of the en-
 joyment of a well-cut ham, and the left
 leg of a goose. "Pray, Sir, what is the
 peculiar luxury of a left leg?" "Sir,
 to conceive its luxury, you must find
 that it is the only leg that is left!"

A PICKPOCKET, who had been ducked
 for his mal-practices, accounted to his
 brethren for the derangement in his ap-
 pearance, by coolly observing, that he had
 not been able to change his dress since
 his return from a celebrated Watering
 Place!

A GENTLEMAN who had a vast veneration
 for poetry and poetical descriptions,
 having occasion to describe a very quiet
 neighbour to a musical friend of his,
 stated, that he took through life

"The noiseless tenour of his way."

"Pshaw!" cried the musician, who was
 not possessed of much fondness for poetry,
 "What is the noiseless tenor good for?
 give me a tenor that has a full and pow-
 erful tone, or none at all."

AN IRISHMAN having arrived from Dub-
 lin at the house of a respectable merchant
 in the Borough, and having left Ireland
 three weeks before, brought with him a
 basket of eggs: his friend asked him
 why he took the trouble to bring eggs
 from Ireland to England? "Because,"
 said he, "I am fond of them new laid,
 and I know these to be so."

AN estimate of the morality of the times
 may be drawn from the publication of
 books. One hundred and thirty editions
 of "Hoyle on Gaming," have been pub-
 lished, and only sixteen of "The Whole
 Duty of Man!"

A YOUNG man, who had just had his hair cropped very close, was quizzed by a friend on his *snug* appearance, upon which he exclaimed, "Come, come, don't take my hair off." "Indeed," cried his friend, "that would be an impossibility—it is gone already."

ON opening the will of a gentleman who had expended a handsome fortune, amongst other articles it contained the following: "If I had died possessed of a thousand pounds, I would have left it to my dear friend, Mr. Timothy Taylor, but as I have not *sixpence*, he must accept the *Will for the Deed*."

A WORTHY citizen being asked the meaning of a place in *reversion*, answered, that he supposed they were places given to gentlemen who have experienced *reverses* of fortune. An Irish gentleman questioned upon the same subject, differed from the worthy citizen, and said, that places in *reversion* must be places held *after a man was dead*.

COPY OF A TICKET OF ADMISSION.

TICKET of omission to a feet in Foxhall Guardians, which will be luminated for the purpose, in commiseration of the proaching high menials of king Jerome Bone a part and the prince s of Wirtemburgh, which are suspected to be speedily consipated.

THE late celebrated penurious — Jennings, Esq. of Acton Place, who was reported to be the richest commoner in England, when at the age of ninety-two, was applied to by one of his tenants, then in the *eightieth year of his age*, to renew his lease for a further term of 14 years, when, after some general observations, Mr. Jennings coolly said, "*take a lease for 21 years, or you will be troubling me again!*" and this was accordingly granted.

MOUNTAIN ANECDOTE.

A PARTY had lately climbed a considerable way up the usual track on the side of *Skiddow*, when a gentleman (a stranger to the rest of the company) who had given frequent *broad hints* of his being a man of *superior knowledge*, said to the guide, "Pray what is the *highest* part of this mountain?" "the *top*, sir," replied the guide.

AMONG the many mistakes into which foreigners have been betrayed when learning the English language, the following which recently occurred, is not the least whimsical. A young German wishing

to acquire elegance, as well as correctness of phrase, and not liking the meaning of the term "*put out the candle*," used the word *extinguish*. A few days afterwards, a dog annoyed the young foreigner very much, on which, turning to his servant, he ordered him "*to extinguish dat dog*."

THE following curious caution was lately pasted up in a conspicuous place in North Wales.

"Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr. — the head of the Ropery Stairs; now lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public, that he is determined to shoot the said ass, and cautions any person who may be riding on it at the same time, to take care of themselves, lest, by some unfortunate mistake he should shoot the wrong animal."

THE report of Bonaparte having been wounded in the back at the battle of *Eslau*, having puzzled some of our *quidnuncs*, as he was stated to have pursued the Russians, an Irish gentleman reconciled the apparent contradiction, by observing, that the crafty chief might have had his coat *buttoned behind!*

A LADY in Scotland lately wrote to a friend in London, and in communicating the intelligence that a female acquaintance had recently entered into the marriage state, observed, "that it was the general expectation that she would have a *female son*." The passage was considered inexplicable; but on a little application, and collating it with the usual orthography of the writer, the mystery was explained—she meant it to be understood, that her friend was likely to "have a *family soon*."

AT the examination of Colonel Thornton before the Lord Chancellor, a person present said, from his witty remarks, he thought him a *dry dog*. "You would be satisfied of that," said a gentleman at his elbow, "If you were to see the quantity of wine he drinks." T—A. N—C.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION,

Cut in a marble, and placed against the wall, in a church at *Laumspriug*, in Germany.

O,	Quid	Tua	Te
be!	bis?	bis	abit
Ra	Ra	Ra	
es	et	in	
Ram	Ram	Ram	
	ibis		
Et	sis,	ut ego nunc.	

Origins and Inventions.

No. IV.

EARLY PAPER.

THE celebrated plant called Papyrus, or Biblus, which formerly grew plentifully on the banks of the Nile, and is, perhaps, a native of Egypt, is now, according to the later writers, rarely to be met with; the poorer sort of people having almost destroyed it by digging up the roots for fuel. Though the Papyrus it is said grew chiefly in Egypt, it was also found in India; and Guilandinus assures us he saw in Chaldea, at the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates, large fens, where with his own hands he plucked a Papyrus, differing in nothing from that of the Nile. Strabo likewise speaks of a sort growing in Italy; but he does not say it was ever used for making paper. This plant was made use of by the ancients to write upon, and thence our paper had its name. It has a large stem, from whence some say they took the pith, which they worked into a white paste or glue, and of that made a kind of paper, almost in the same manner as we do with our linen rags; but others say they used the inner rind for that purpose. According to Pliny, the root of this plant is as thick as a man's arm, and ten cubits long, from whence arise a great number of triangular stalks, at the extremities whereof its flowers are ranged in clusters. Its root is woody and knotty, its leaves long, like those of the bulrush, and its taste and smell resemble those of the cyperus, of which some reckon it a species. It is to be observed, that besides paper, the ancients made ropes, sails, mats, blankets, shoes, and several domestic utensils of the Papyrus; and the manner of making the paper, according to the Egyptian fashion, is related to be as follows:—

They began with lopping off the root and head of the Papyrus, as of no use in this manufacture; the remaining stem they slit lengthways into two equal parts, and from each of these they stripped the thin scaly coats or pellicles whereof it was composed with the point of a pen-knife. The innermost of these pellicles were reckoned the best, and those nearest the rind or bark the worst; and accordingly they were kept separate, and constituted different kinds of paper. As the pellicles were taken off they extended them on a table, and then two of them were laid over each other transversely, so that their fibres made right angles. In this state they were glued together with

the muddy water of the Nile, then pressed, dried, and lastly, flattened and smoothed by beating them with a mallet; though sometimes, with a hemisphere of glass or the like, they gave them a farther polish.

Here it may not be amiss to add some remarks on the antiquity of the art of making paper of the Papyrus, the origin whereof, though very obscure, was undoubtedly first discovered in Egypt, and according to Isidore, in the city of Memphis. The era of the invention is fixed by Varro, the most learned of the Romans, at the time of Alexander the Great, after the building of Alexandria by that conqueror; but several objections of no small weight are brought against this decision. Pliny recites a passage out of a very ancient annalist, wherein mention is made of paper-books found in Numa's tomb, who was prior to Alexander above three hundred years. In effect, Guilandinus maintains, with great erudition, that the name and use of the Papyrus were known to the Greeks long before Alexander conquered Egypt; and yet some have doubted whether the art of manufacturing the Papyrus was so ancient as Alexander's time, chiefly on this ground, that for two hundred years after Alexander, men wrote on skins and barks of trees. But this reasoning is not conclusive; the scarcity of the new manufacture may account for the use of those things, and paper might have been known in Egypt, Judea, Syria, and other parts of Asia, long before the birth of Alexander, though not in common use; but it came later to the Europeans, and probably was first publicly known among them by means of Alexander's conquest. When the manufacture of the Egyptian paper ceased, is another question; for at present it may be reckoned amongst those arts that are lost. Mabillon maintains that it continued till the eleventh century, or at least that it was used in the ninth, he endeavours to evince from several papal bulls wrote on it at that time. We are also told that several books, written on the leaves of the Papyrus, have been preserved to our days; and Mabillon says he had one of them, and mentions two or three more, besides divers diplomas or charters, which appear to be at least eleven hundred years old. But the decisions of that learned father concerning manuscripts are not always infallible; witness his taking the manuscript of St. Mark's Gospel, at Venice, to be written on the Egyptian paper, and that of Josephus, at Milan, not to be so; whereas the learned count Maffei, shews that the former is cotton-paper, and that

the latter appears plainly to be Egyptian. Besides the latter authority maintains, with more probability, that the Papyrus was generally disused before the fifth century; for he finds no authentic records written on it of a later date; those bulls of popes, cited by Mabillon, appearing rather to be written on cotton-paper. This, however, relates only to the general use of the Papyrus; for it is not to be wondered at if particular persons continued to make it several hundred years after it first began to lose its reputation. In reality, a more commodious sort of paper, made of cotton, having been invented in the East some ages before, and thence introduced into Europe, seems to have turned the Papyrus out of doors; to which the continual wars with the Saracens, whereby the traffic to Alexandria, where it was manufactured, was rendered precarious, might possibly contribute.

TITHES.

THE Tithes of the clergy of England had their origin in the ninth century; and it appears from Lord Coke, "that the first kings of the realm had all the lands of England in demesne, and *les grand manours* and *les royalties*, they reserved to themselves; and with the remnant they enfeoffed the barons of the realm for the defence thereof with such jurisdictions as the court baron now hath; and about this time it was, when all the lands of England were the king's demesne, that Ethelwolf, almost nine hundred years ago, conferred the tithes of all the kingdom upon the church by his royal charter; which is extant in Abbot Ingulf, and in Matthew of Westminster." Henry's History of Great Britain says, "Ethelwolf, successor of Egbert, called an assembly of all the great men of his hereditary kingdom of Wessex, at Winchester, in November, A. D. 844; and with their consent, made a solemn grant to the church of the tenth part of all the lands belonging to the crown, free from all taxes and impositions of every kind, even from the three obligations of building bridges, fortifying and defending castles, and marching out on military expeditions." This royal grant and important donation to the church, by one of the most weak and bigotted of our Saxon kings, was probably imitated by the nobility; and if it did not originally mean the tenth of the produce of the lands, it appears from subsequent events that it soon came to be understood in that sense. Chief Baron Gilbert, speaking of tithes, seems to give the origin of Easter Offerings, "for," says he, as cited in Bacon's Abridgement, "the customary payments

made at Easter, under the denomination of Easter Offerings, were at first a compensation for Personal Tithes; for it cannot be reasonably supposed, that an Easter Offering is due of common right, and it seems more probable, that it was at first paid in lieu of the tithe of personal labour, rather than of any other thing." In Jacob's Law Dictionary, "Personal Tithes are those which arise from the labour and industry of man only, being the tenth part of his clear gains in trade, which are paid, when due, by custom—though but seldom in England." *not only*

MEDICINE.

MEDICINE was introduced in Greece 1530 years before the Christian era; by Melampus, an Argive; and Æsculapius, Hippocrates, and Galen, the most celebrated of all physicians, were natives of Greece. With respect to the ancient state of Physic among the Egyptians, Clemens Alexandrinus informs us, that there were forty-two books of Hermes, of great account, which contained all the philosophy of the Egyptians, and the six last of which related to medicine and treated of the construction of the body and its disorders, with the methods of treating them. Herodotus tells us that the practice of physic was so parcelled out and divided, that one physician had the charge only of one distemper, and might not presume to take upon him the care and inspection of more. It may here be remarked as auxiliary of the means by which England originally obtained a firm footing in the Indian empire; that the science and humanity of an English physician, in effecting the cure of a daughter of the emperor, who was a descendant of Tamerlane, led to acts of the most unbounded and generous confidence in English skill and English integrity. The Chinese, indeed, promulgated a medicine to insure *immortality*. This grand secret was arrogated by a sect called Tautse, the disciples of Lau-kyun, who boasted they had discovered a liquor by means whereof man should never die. A great number of Mandarines studied this art, as well as the diabolical one of magic; and the emperor Tsia-she-whang-ti, a declared enemy to learning and to learned men, was persuaded by these impostors that they had actually such a liquid, and gave it the name of Chang-seng-you, *medicine of eternal life*. Itinerant practitioners have however prevailed in all ages and all countries, and lamentable is the fact that in this great metropolis the numerous ignorant and impudent pretenders to the most difficult and important of all the branches of

science, should not be dealt with as in the "older time;" for though our ancestors were certainly not deficient in credulity, they did not think so lightly of empiricism as we do. In the reign of Edward VI. one Grigg was set in the pillory at Oreydon, and again in the borough of Southwark, for pretending to cure the diseased by looking at their water. Under James I. who was a believer in the occult sciences, several quacks, and some who assumed the solemn title of doctor in medicine, were brought to public justice, and compelled to find security for their future good behaviour. Even so late as the time of king William, one Fairfax was fined and imprisoned for vending a specific which he called *aqua coelestis*, and others of a like description have at various times suffered heavily for administering dangerous drugs to the people.

Of all the subjects that afford opportunities for the satiric pen in the metropolis, perhaps there is none more abundant or prolific than that of quackery. This indeed has been admirably done in a series of letters in a former volume of the *MIRROR*, the perusal of which, while it affords infinite amusement and instruction, may possibly induce, at least all considerate minds, to commit the treatment of diseases to the only proper hands, the intelligent and experienced practitioner.

F. R.—Y.

ROSES.

ROSES were brought from Italy and first planted in England in the year 1522. They were accordingly consecrated as presents from the pope of Rome, and were generally placed over confessionals, as the symbols of secrecy: hence the phrase of "under the rose."

WOMAN.

MR. EDITOR,—I am grieved to see the example of *Janet* so uninfluential in producing contributions from others of your numerous fair readers; it certainly is not because they have nothing to say, for, sir, call to mind the most entertaining, if not at all times the most informing, of your Correspondents, and I'll bet my hunting cap to your critical one, that said Correspondent knows more of domestic than of political economy. I wish I could say something to bring the sweet competitors forward with their smart essays on taste, dress, home, society, love, pity, charity, and all the other amiables their delicate perceptions are so well fitted for unravelling and displaying in attractive guise; it would be a delightful relief to the more *obscure* matters of bell-ringing and arith-

metical conundrums. Is it because no one has stepped forward in the name of the "coarser clay," to admit its "purer" sister to an equal participation of privileges, this unwillingness to share in their literary efforts is manifested? I can't go the whole length required, but I would say, of woman, she is the string of our purse; the delight of our drawing-room; the guardian of our domestic comfort; the willing sharer of our sorrows; the heightener of our joys; the sensible companion in our converse; and the infuser of joy in our home. And who, like woman, can in the hour of pain and sickness, soothe and alleviate, smooth the pillow of wakefulness, moisten the parched lip, and pluck, so far as mortal agency may, the sting from death itself? Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you will in your own way, tell them these are the opinions of your readers,—I would myself, but I really have not time to give my ideas the shapeliness it would require, just now; at some future period, if I can get on the blind side of your eminence, it may happen that I shall spend an hour in dilating on the blessing our Creator conferred in giving Adam an help-meet in woman.

Your's, Mr. Editor,

ARCHIE.

SHELAH LEA'S LAMENTATION:

AN ANCIENT IRISH KEEN.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I send you the annexed trifle as printed from an original MS.; it has not come from the press for the purpose of circulation, except amongst the friends of the gentleman who possesses the writing. Should you think it has sufficient interest to occupy a column in the *MIRROR*, it is at your service.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. P.

SING the wild *Keen* of my country, *ye* whose heads bend in sorrow, in the house of the dead!—Lay aside the wheel and flax, and sing not in joy, for there's a space left in my cabin!—*Oveneen* the pride of my heart, is not here!—did *ye* not hear the cry of the *Banshee* crossing the lonely *Kilcorumper*? Or was there a voice from the tomb, far sweeter than song, that whistled in the mountain wind, and told *ye* that the young oak was fallen!—Yes, he's gone!—He went off in the spring of life, like the blossom of the prickly hawthorn, scattered by the merciless wind, on the cold clammy earth;—never again will he lift in his clasp'd

hands the cross of the Holy Virgin, or bend his strong limbs before her altar.—The *Gorsoons* may hurl now in the mountains, but the strong arm of my *Oweneen* is not there!—the cold dew of death is upon it, and his eyes which were bright lights to his poor mother's soul, are closed and sunk in darkness for ever!—The *Banshee* will come on the morrow, when *ye* are *keen*ing the last *keen* of sorrow over his head,—his cry will drown your death song, for *Oweneen* was the pride of all!—The howl will be heard in the heath, on the mountain, and o'er the grave of his foster brother, who's gone before him.—Raise the *keen ye* whose notes are *well known*, tell your beads *ye* young women who grieve;—lie down on his narrow house in mourning, and his spirit will sleep and be at rest!—Plant the shamrock and wild fir near his head, that strangers might know who is the fallen! Soon again will your *keen* be heard on the mountain, for before the cold sod is clodded over the breast of my *Oweneen*, *Shelah* the mother of *keen*ers will be there; her voice which before was loud and plaintive, will be still and silent, like the ancient harp of her country!—Let the long green grass grow thickly near the graves of my forefathers, that the little mountain daisy might not sprout up alone—let *Elleen Baven* the best of all *keen*ers, lay me clean on my death bed, that the *last* of the Ryans might go in peace to her grave.—See that the *lights* at my *wake* be as many as my grey hairs, which I'll carry in *pride* to my tomb; for I am *Shelah-Lea* the grey-headed *keen*er.—The *Pillabeen-meek* will scream round my cabin door, when your song of grief is singing.—There will be lights seen dancing on *Carra-theanna*, and moving quickly across the wet bog, but let *ye* not follow, for the evil spirit is the guide, and will lead you to darkness.—Come to my grave when the yellow leaves off the trees are upon it, and say, “rest the soul of *Shelah* the *keen*er! whose tongue is now silent in the place where the rain nor the storms cannot enter.”—Take your rounds at my *head-stone*, count your beads, that my ghost might be quiet in the shroud, that was made by *Elleen*.—There's a tree in Kilcrumper that hangs over the lonely, in its branches the dark bird of night *keens* the whole night long.—I go there when *Shain Ogen* has done plowing, when the Bat flaps its wings round the hill, when all is dark as the silence of night.—Once I went as the moon shone upon the bed of my *Oweneen*,—the grey stone that marked his head was bright, yet my soul was as dark as before.—Moss, and weeds flourished around me, and the wind

was not heard on the hill—there was a voice from the furze-brake close by me, that howled like a funeral *keen*; and I knew that the *Banshee* had warning that *Shelah* was soon to come there.—The croak of the raven was heard thrice in the barn that *Oweneen* built, and I felt that I soon would be borne to the grave of my WHITE-HEADED BOY!

Reminiscences.

No. XV.

LA FONTAINE.

LA FONTAINE, the celebrated French fabulist, is recorded to have been one of the most absent of men, and Furetime relates a circumstance, which, if true, is one of the most singular distractions possible. Fontaine attended the burial of one of his friends, and some time afterwards he called to visit him. At first he was shocked at the information of his death; but recovering from his surprise, he observed, “It is true enough, for now I recollect I went to his burial.”

The generous and witty Madame de la Sabliere furnished him with a commodious apartment in her house; and one day, having discharged all her servants in a pet, declared that she had only retained three animals in her house, which were her dog, her cat, and Fontaine. In this situation he continued twenty years; and a day or two after, losing his generous patroness, met his acquaintance, M. d'Hervart: “My dear Fontaine (said that worthy man to him,) I have heard of your misfortune, and was going to propose your coming to live with me.”—“I was going to you,” answered Fontaine.

It was difficult to restrain him sometimes when on a particular subject. One day dining with Moliere and Despreaux, he inveighed against the absurdity of making performers speak *aside* what is heard by the stage and the whole house. Heated with this idea, he would listen to no argument. “It cannot be denied,” exclaimed Despreaux, in a loud key, “it cannot be denied, that La Fontaine is a rogue, a great rogue, a villain, a rascal, &c.,” multiplying his terms of abuse, and increasing the loudness of his voice. Fontaine, without paying any regard to his abuse, went on declaiming. At last the company's roar of laughter recalled him to himself. “What is this roar of laughter about?” said he. “At what?” cried Despreaux, “why, at you, to be sure; you have not heard a word of the abuse which I have been bawling at your ears, yet you are surprised at the folly of sup-

posing a performer not to hear what another actor whispers at the opposite side of the stage."

When the fables of La Motte appeared, it was fashionable in France to despise them. One evening, at an entertainment given by the Prince de Vendome, several of the first critics of the kingdom made themselves exceedingly merry at the expense of the author. Voltaire happened to be present: "Gentlemen, (said he,) I perfectly agree with you. What a difference there is between the style of La Motte, and the style of La Fontaine! Have you seen the new edition of the latter?" The company answered in the negative. "Then you have not read that beautiful Fable of his, which was found among the papers of the Duchess of Bouillon." He accordingly repeated it to them. Every one present was charmed—transported with it. "Here (said he,) is the spirit of La Fontaine;—here is nature in her simplicity. What *naïveté*—what grace!—Gentlemen, (resumed Voltaire,) you will find this Fable among those of La Motte." Confusion took possession of all but Voltaire, who was happy in exposing the folly of these pretended judges.

It has been observed, that the best writers, and the deepest thinkers, have usually been but different companions. This was the case of La Fontaine; for having once been invited to dine at the house of a person of distinction, for the more elegant entertainment of the guests, though he eat very heartily, yet not a word could be got from him, and when, rising soon after from the table, on pretence of going to the academy, he was told he would be too soon. "Oh, then, (said he,) I'll take the longest way." Being one day with Boileau, Racine, and other men of eminence, among whom were ecclesiastics; St. Austin was talked of for a considerable time, and with the highest commendations. Fontaine listened with his natural air, and at last, after a profound silence, asked one of the ecclesiastics, with the most unaffected seriousness, "whether he thought St. Austin had more wit than Rabelais." The doctor, eyeing Fontaine from head to foot, answered only by observing, "that he had put on one of his stockings the wrong side out," which happened to be the case. The nurse who attended Fontaine in his illness, observing the fervour of the priest in his exhortations, said to him, "Ah, good sir, don't disturb him so; he is rather stupid than wicked;" and at another time; "God won't have the heart to damn him."

In the year 1692, he was seized with a

dangerous illness; and when the priest came to converse with him about religion, concerning which he had hitherto been totally unconcerned, though he had never been either an infidel or a libertine, Fontaine told him, that "he had lately bestowed some hours in reading the *New Testament*, which he thought a good book." Being brought to a clearer knowledge of religious truths, the priest represented to him, that he had received intelligence of a certain dramatic piece of his, which was soon to be acted; but that he could not be admitted to the sacraments of the church, unless he suppressed it. This appeared too rigid, and Fontaine appealed to the Sorbonne, who confirming what the priest had said, this sincere penitent threw the piece into the fire, without keeping even a copy. The priest then laid before him the evil tendency of his Tales, which are written in a very wanton manner; he told him that while the French language subsisted, they would be a most dangerous inducement to vice; and that he could not justify administering the sacraments to him, unless he would promise to make a public acknowledgment of his crime at the time of receiving, and a public acknowledgment before the academy of which he was a member, in case he recovered; and to exert his utmost endeavours to suppress the book. La Fontaine thought these very severe terms, but at length yielded to them all.

He did not die till the 13th of April, 1695, when, if we believe some, he was found with a hair shirt on.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPITAPH.

A GENTLEMAN on his death-bed, promised a friend of his, he would remember him in his Will if he could write an epitaph for him, consisting of four lines only, and the word *so* must be introduced six times. His friend produced the following lines, which were approved of, and he handsomely remembered him for his ingenuity:

So did he live,
So did he die,
So! so! did he do?
Then so let him lie.

Answers to Correspondents in our next.

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